

334 Garland Ave.,
Takoma Park, Md.,
September 7, 1928.

Dear Pitt:

As stated in your recent letter, our dear Father did leave a will, naming me as its executor, and he furnished me with a copy of it several years ago, when I was in your home up on Fountain Heights---I think it was. I put it away somewhere, but, having no real cause for refering to it, fail to remember where I put it. When we removed to Washington, we sent some of our little cumbersome plunder to Mr. Harris at Banks. In all probability, it is hid away down there.

However, if I had the will, it would be absolutely impossible for me, situated as I now am, to serve in the capacity named therein. In addition to this fact, I know nothing about land values in Florida, or elsewhere, as to that matter. I do not own a foot of land in the world, nor anything else worth naming, and, to make bad matters even worse, my job at the Capitol gave out on September 1st, and, as to what, when, and where my next one is to be, God knows that I don't know. We have barely enough cash on hand to exist one more week---and that is all.

Now, you and Hotie, or Hotie alone, if that will simplify matters, send me whatever papers you want me to sign, and either of you take care of the matter, as well as you can. I agree with you that it will be better, if Hotie will, to arrange for her to have full power to settle up the estate, as may seem right and best to her. For my part, I have written to her to price and take my interests, if she will, at any figure that she may name.

I am afraid that poor Nettie may undertake to be a little unreasonable, for causes better told by herself---but this ought not to be. We all have our faults, and we ought to be a bit more charitable toward one another, I sometimes think. I have already written Nettie, and have tried to disallusion her mind of any foolish hope that she might entertain, looking to the matter of forcing a settlement out of Hotie according to the \$10,000 terms of that contract

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between Hotie and Papa. All of know that Papa never expected Hotie to pay \$10,000 of her own money for his real estate holdings in Florida, unless she had sold it for such a sum when the Florida boom was on. Well, Hotie failed to dispose of his property for him, and, of course, she is not going to be crazy enough to plank down such a staggering amount as \$10,000 is, not unless she has changed awfully since I saw her.

If you care to do so, you may enclose this letter to Hotie, so that if there be anything further that either of you would have me do, you both, or either of you, can let me know. I do not care to clog the mails with useless letters, but, if it will do any good at all, I shall be only too glad to write Nettie and Howard both again.

Of course, I do not see how it can possibly be long now before I will reach easy-street in my finances, but I have been disappointed so often, of late years, that I have grown to be skeptical---I am getting to where I am afraid of my shadow. This I should not have written to you, but I had to do it, in order that you might not count on me in any way to do the absolutely impossible, namely, to act in capacity as executive of dear Papa's will. Oh! if it could be possible, I would be delighted to carry out his wishes, but it is impossible, and that ends it.

I trust that all is well with you and with yours, and that you may forgive me for again parading before your imagination these calamities that are mine.

Sincerely,

H. C. C.